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I WALKED IN TO
A MOMENT OF GRE
ATNESS. THERE WAS
A WAVE OF PURE EM
OTION RUNNING THRO
UGH THE AIR—LIKE A PU
LSE RECORDING THE BEAT OF
SOULS. I STOOD AGAINST A WALL,—
THE HOUSE WAS IN DARKNESS, LIGHT
ON THE STAGE, —THE LAST ACT OF
MEISTERSINGER HAD BEGUN. I LISTENED.
ALL OF ME HEARD. IF THAT STRAIGHT
LINE OF TERRIFIC TENSITY WHICH STRETCH
CONTINUOUSLY BETWEEN MYSELF AND THE
—GROWING MORE AND MORE SENSITIVE
MENT,—COULD HAVE EXISTED INDEFINITELY
LINE BECAME INSEPARABLE WITH THE STATE
WHAT WOULD HAVE HAPPENED?

EVERYTHING HAD MERGED—
POSSIBILITY OF ANY RETENTION OF THE SEPA
MAN SELF FROM THE SPACE OF SOUND INTO
ENT SELF HAD PROJECTED. AN EXTENSION OF
FUSION OF MUSIC WITH IT—CREATING A COND
PASSING OF EACH INTO THE OTHER.

Below that day's horizon.

Then hope comes beckoning—and is crushed,
When I remember that the cool and dew-pearled morn
Is wakened, warmed—and soon made ready for its parched end
By any blazing sun.

But if the course of nature is obstructed
By her own clouded skies,
What then?

Small wonder that our fore-bears made a god
To shield them from this dimly heard
Daemonic laughter.

Agnes Ernst Meyer

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THE MUSIC,
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STATE ABOUT IT—

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INTO WHICH THAT SENTI
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A CONDITION OF ONENESS. A

SOUND, GIVING,
WILL, FEELING,
AN INSISTENT ENTITY REACHED.

An abstract line drawing in the top right corner of the page. It features a series of vertical lines of varying heights, resembling a ship's mast or a horizon line. A large, curved line arches over these vertical lines, and several other curved lines intersect the scene, creating a sense of movement and depth. The drawing is minimalist, using only black lines on a light background.

WOMAN

Cool of the morning, warmth of the full-blown day,
I once believed that you were due to something else
Besides atomic forces—
But now I do not know, and I have even lost
The willingness to hope.

Nor is my anguish lessened by the thought
That the most fertile noon-day heat can for so short a span
Outlast the sinking of the golden orb that caused it,
Below that day's horizon.

M. de Zayas



PASSING OF EACH INTO THE OTHER.

WAS THERE ANY PART
I WAS NOT A WOMAN—I BECAME MERELY A
THE MOMENT—AS DID ALL THE OTHERS. TH
NEAR THAT I COULD HAVE TOUCHED THEM—AND
ING. WE HAD DROPPED OUR LITTLE SELVES—
SOMETHING GREATER THAN OURSELVES WAS B
GAVE IT THE IMPETUS TO BREATHE? AND IF IT
DURED—IF A CLIMAX COULD HAVE BEEN REACH
FOR THE FRACTION OF A SECOND—WOULD NO
NSTANT HAVE BECOME INFINITE? WOULD IT
BEEN DEATH? OR ESCAPE—INTO A QUICKEN
ING OF LIFE?

Katharine N. Rhoades

April 7—1915

SOUND, GIVING,
WILL, FEELING,
AN INSISTENT ENTITY REACHED.
PART OF ME THAT DID NOT RESPOND?
ELY A PART OF THE ATTUNEMENT OF
S. THE STRANGERS STANDING SO
I—AND I THINK WE WERE TOUCH
ELVES—WE WERE NOT— BUT
WAS BREATHING. WHAT
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REACHED AND HELD
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